

# The Cholera Well

## The Levellers

Down, down, come on down  
Follow me down to the cholera well

Senator come take my hand  
Here feel the flames you have fanned  
A blood-red symphony in sand  
Remember that Jonestown smell  
It could have been Afghanistan  
The slow destruction of Sudan  
Not to be found in published plans  
A covert genocide

By night the US planes descend  
Deals are struck with pay-roll friends  
An arms bazaar that never ends  
And the Russians land by morning  
The militia-men are throwing dice  
For a days handful of beans and rice Wiring an old soviet device  
Like a claymore mine

When everything is blown to hell  
They'll sit down by the cholera well  
And drink its poison from mortar shells Fired-off that day  
Can you feel the stomach cramps?  
Two million in internment camps  
We're complicit in our negligence  
Of all of these holocausts